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Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.

THE CRIMINAL.

(Concluded.)

"STILL did I continue standing before the corpse—I could hardly tear myself from it. The cracking of whips, and the creaking sound of carriage waggons, as they drove through the woods, brought me to myself. For it was scarcely a mile from the road, where the crime was committed. I was forced to think of my safety.

"Without following any proper course, I strayed deeper into the wood. On the way, I recollected that the murdered huntsman used to wear a watch. I needed money to regain the frontiers, and yet I had not the courage to return to the place where the deceased lay. Here the thoughts of the devil, and the omnipresence of the Almighty, startled me. I mustered all my courage; resolved to put all hell at defiance, I returned to the place, I found what I expected; and in a green purse, a little more than a dollar in money. Just as I was going to put both of them up, I suddenly stopped short and deliberated. It was no fit of shame, nor yet of fear, to aggravate my crime

by robbery—spite it was I believe that made me throw the watch from me, and retain but half the money. I wished to pass for a personal enemy of him I had shot, but not for his robber.

"Now I fled to the interior of the forest. I knew that the wood extended sixteen miles to the northward, and then touched the frontier. I ran quite breathless until it was high noon. The precipitation of my flight had dispersed my remorse of conscience, but it returned more dreadfully as my strength became more exhausted. A thousand frightful forms passed before me, and pierced my breast like daggers. Betwixt a life constantly disquieted by the fears of death, and a violent exit from it by my own hands, there was now a dreadful alternative left me, and choose I must. I had not courage to rid myself of the world by suicide, and felt such horror at the prospect of remaining in it. Rack-ed in my choice betwixt the certain torments of this life, and the uncertain terrors of eternity, alike incapable to live and to die, I spent the sixth hour of my flight; an hour replete with tortures, of which no mortal, as yet, can form an idea.

"Retired within myself and

slow, having unconsciously drawn my hat over my face, as if this could have rendered me undistinguishable to the eye of inanimate nature, I had followed imperceptibly the track of a small foot path, which led me through the thickest recesses of the wood, when suddenly a harsh commanding voice before me called halt ! The voice was quite near me ; my distraction and the flapped hat had prevented my looking around me. I raised my eyes, and beheld a wild man, who bore a great knotty club, advancing towards me. His figure bordered on the gigantic—consternation, with which I was at first seized, at least, made me believe so ; and the colour of his skin was of a tawny mulatto-black, which the white of a squinting eye rendered truly horrible. He had, instead of a belt, a thick rope tied twice round a green woollen coat, in which he wore a large slaughtering knife, with a pistol. He repeated his orders, and a sturdy arm held me fast. The voice of a mortal had frightened me, but the appearance of a ruffian gave me courage. In the situation in which I at present was, I had cause to tremble for every honest man, but none to dread a villain.

‘ Who are you ? ’ said this apparition.

‘ Your equal, was my answer—if you are really that which you appear be ! ’

‘ That is not the right way out

of the forest. What is your business here ? ’

‘ Who gave you right to ask ? ’ answered I, obstinately.

‘ The man viewed me twice from head to foot. It seemed as if he was comparing my figure with his own, and my answer with my figure.—‘ You speak in a brutal manner ; much like a beggar,’ said he, at last.

‘ That may be ; it is what I was but yesterday.’

‘ The man laughed. ‘ One might take an oath on it,’ cried he, that you still wished to pass for nothing better to-day.’

‘ Perhaps, then, for something worse.—I wish to get on.’

‘ Softly, my friend ! what is all your hurry ? ’ I recollected myself for a moment ; I know not how the word came on my tongue.—‘ Life is short, said I, slowly, and hell endures for ever.’

‘ He stared me full in the face. ‘ I’ll be d——d,’ said he, at last, ‘ if you have not made an hair-breadth escape from some gallows.’

‘ That may, perhaps, still happen ; so to our next meeting, comrade.’

‘ Here’s to you, comrade ! ’ cried he, as he drew from his wallet a tin flask ; from which, he took an hearty draught, and reached it to

me. My flight and anxiety had exhausted my strength, and, during the whole terrible day, nothing as yet had passed my lips. I feared, indeed, to have perished with faintness in this forest, where, in a circumference of twelve miles, I could not hope to find the least refreshment. You may judge how gladly I pledged him in this proffered health. By this cordial my limbs were animated with new strength, my heart with fresh courage and hope, and love of life; I began to conceive that I was not altogether miserable; such were the effects of this welcome liquor. Nay, I confess it, my situation again approached that of the happy; for I had, at last, after a thousand disappointed hopes, found a creature who bore a resemblance to myself.

‘The man had stretched himself on the grass; I did the same.

‘Your draught hath been of service to me,’ said I; ‘we must be better acquainted with one another.

‘He struck fire to light his pipe.

‘Have you been long in the trade?’

‘He looked at me stedfastly.—
‘What do you mean by that?’

‘Has this been often bloody?’—
I drew the knife from his belt.

‘Who are you?’ said he, in a

terrible voice, and laid his pipe aside.

‘A murderer, like yourself!—
but, as yet, only a beginner.’

‘The man looked sternly at me, then took up his pipe again.

“You do not live here?” said he, at last.

“Three miles from this, the keeper of the Sun, in L——, if you have ever heard of me.”

‘The man sprang up, like one deprived of his senses.

‘The deer-stealer, Wolf?’ cried he, hastily.

“The same!”

‘Welcome, comrade! welcome!’ cried he, and shook me heartily by the hand. ‘That is excellent that I have you at last, landlord! Year and day I have been thinking how to get you. I know you very well. I have been told of all that has happened. I have long reckoned on you.’

‘Reckoned on me! for what then?’

‘The whole country rings of you; you have been persecuted by justice, Wolf; you have been ruined; the manner in which they have treated you is sinful.’

‘The man grew warm—because you shot a couple of wild boars, which the Prince feeds on

our fields and meadows, they have for years dragged you about the work-house and the fortress ; they have robbed you of your house and livelihood ; they have reduced you to beggary. Is it come to this, brother, that man is to be valued no higher than a hare ? are we not better than the beasts of the field ? and a fellow like you could endure this ?

" Could I help it ? "

" That we shall see. But tell me, where do you come from now, and what are your intentions ? "

" I related to him my whole history. The man, without waiting until I had finished, sprang up with eager impatience, and drew me after him. ' Come brother landlord,' said he, ' now you are ripe, now I have got you where I wanted you. I shall gain honour by you. Follow me. '

" Where will you lead me ? "

" Don't ask questions. Follow ; ' he then dragged me forcibly after him.

" We had proceeded near a mile, the forest became more and more uneven, impervious and entangled, neither of us spoke a single word, until at last the whistle of my conductor roused me from my reveries. I cast my eyes around me, we stood on the craggy precipice of a rock, which descended into a deep cleft. A second whistle answered from the inmost womb of

the rock, and a ladder, as of itself, slowly arose out of the hollow. My leader descended first, desiring me to wait until he should return. ' I must chain the dog,' added he, ' you are a stranger here, the beast would tear you to pieces. ' With that he went.

" Now I stood alone on the brink of the abyss, and I knew very well that I was alone. The imprudence of my guide had not escaped my notice ; a moment's resolution, to have drawn up the ladder, I was safe, and my flight secured. I must confess, I was conscious of this. I looked down into the gulf, which was now ready to receive me, it gave me a dark idea of the abyss of hell, from which there can be no hope of salvation. I began to tremble at the path I was now going to tread ; a speedy flight only could save me. I resolved on this flight ; already I stretched out my arm to lay hold of the ladder, but at once it thundered in my ears, it sounded on every side like the scoffing laughter of hell : " what has a murderer to risk ! " and my arm fell powerless to my side. My score of iniquity was full ; the time for repentance was no more ; the murder I had committed lay towered up behind me like a rock, and barred my return for ever. At the same time my conductor again appeared, and intimated to me that I might come down. Now I had no longer an alternative, I descended.

" We had proceeded a few steps

under the cleft, when the bottom extended itself, and discovered several huts. In the midst of these, a round green opened to the view, on which several people, eighteen or twenty in number, had laid themselves around a coal fire. 'Here comrades,' said my leader, and presented me in the midst of the circle, 'our landlord of the Sun; bid him welcome.'

'Landlord of the Sun,' cried all at the same time, and every one darted up, and pressed round me, men and women. Shall I confess it, the joy was undissembled and sincere; confidence, even regard, was apparent in every face. One squeezed my hand, another familiarly took hold of me by the coat.

"The whole scene was as the meeting with an old acquaintance, who is dear to us. My arrival had interrupted the feast which was just going to begin. They immediately recommenced it, and invited me to drink to the welcome. Venison of every sort was their meal, and the flask, with wine, circulated freely from neighbour to neighbour. Good living and harmony seemed to inspire the whole band, and every one vied to express his joy at my arrival, in a manner more licentious than his neighbour.

'They had seated me betwixt two women, which was the place of honour at table. I expected to find them the refuse of their sex, but how great was my astonish-

ment, on discovering amongst this abandoned crew the most beautiful female forms which ever my eyes had seen. Margaret, the elder and more beautiful of the two, assumed the title of *maid*, and could scarce have attained her five and twentieth year; she talked in a very licentious manner, and what her tongue concealed, her gestures fully expressed. Maria, the younger, was married, but had eloped from a husband who had used her ill. She was more delicate, but looked rather pale and sickly, and dazzled less than her neighbour. Both these women contended with one another to inflame my desires; the beauteous Margaret endeavoured to obviate my reserve with her licentious jests, but she was altogether my aversion, and the bashful Maria had captivated my heart for ever.

'You see, brother landlord,' began the man who had brought me here, 'you see on what footing we live here with one another, and every day is the same. If you can therefore resolve to find our manner of living agreeable, become one of us, and be our leader. Hitherto I have filled that honourable station, but I will yield the place to you. Do you agree comrades?'

'A joyful yes was issued from each throat.

'My determination cost me but little. 'I'll stay with you, comrades,' called I, in a loud and resolute tone of voice, as I stepped in-

to the midst of the gang. "I'll stay with you," called I again, "on condition that you will relinquish to me my pretty neighbour." All consented to grant my desire; and I became the captain of a band of robbers."

I pass over the remaining part of the history, the merely detestable can have nothing instructive for the reader. An unfortunate wretch who is sunk so very low as this, must at last become familiar with every vice which disgraces human nature—but he never committed a second murder, as he himself declared when put to the torture.

Selected for the Lady's Miscellany

ANTIQUARIAN RESEARCHES,
INTO THE ORIGIN
AND DIVERSITIES OF COSTUME.

(Continued from P. 327.)

CHARLES II.

THE ladies' hair was curled and frizzled with the nicest art, and they frequently set it off with heart-breakers (artificial curls). Sometimes a string of pearls, or an ornament of ribband, was worn on the head; and in the latter part of this reign, hoods of various kinds were in fashion. Patching and painting the face, than which, nothing was more common in

France, was also too common in England; but what was much worse, they affected a mean betwixt dress and nakedness, which occasioned the publication of a book entitled, "A just and seasonable Reprehension of naked Breasts and Shoulders, with a preface, by Richard Baxter."

It appears from the 'Memoires de Grammont,' that green stockings were worn by one of the greatest beauties of the English court; it is also generally believed that beaver hats were first worn by old women in this reign.

WILLIAM III.

The ladies wore their dresses long and flowing, and were then servile copyists of the French, but not so much as they have been since; they flounced their coats, a fashion probably borrowed from Albert Drurer, who represented an angel in a flounced petticoat, driving Adam and Eve from Paradise. The ruffles were long and double; and the hair much frizzled and curled; jewels, pearls, and amber, were much worn in the hair; and ear-rings, necklaces, bracelets, ornaments on the stomacher and the shoulders.

The head-dress was more like a veil than a cap, thrown back, the sides of which hung below the bosom; from this the head-dress gradually shrunk to a caul with two lappets, known by the name of mob. The shoes had raised heels,

square toes, were high on the instep, and worked with gold, and were always of the most costly materials. The gloves of both sexes were of white leather, worked, but not so extravagantly as in Charles the Fifth's reign.

Happy, thrice happy, ladies of modern days, who can go and purchase a profusion of costly toys from India, in almost every street in London, the great mart of traffic, when Mary, luckless Mary, was obliged by stealth to obtain from a woman who dealt in such forbidden articles, fans, and other female paraphernalia ; and yet, being discovered, though she wore a crown, was soundly rated for her extravagance or gossiping, or both, by her austere husband.

Hoops did not encumber the fair sex at this time, but not to be without something more than a gentle swell, they had their *commode*, which set out their hinder part, and gave additional grace it was thought, to the evening train.

To the Ed. of the Lady's Miscellany.

SIR,

I wish to ask some of your readers, through the medium of your paper, if it is not possible for a man to have a *very particular* regard for a lady without being in love with her. I am led to this by a circumstance which has happened to me during this winter, and which I fear will occasion me

no little trouble, unless I can obtain a favourable answer from some of your correspondents. The circumstance is this.—About two months since, I became acquainted with a lady by no means disagreeable either in her manners or person. The frequent opportunities I have since had of seeing and conversing with the fair one, has very much exalted my opinion of her character ; and I do not hesitate to say that I admire and esteem it. She is one of those bewitching creatures, who, though they have nothing remarkable about them that catches at the first sight, yet possesses such good and amiable qualities, that she insensibly draws a man into the love of her, before he has the least suspicion of it. The innocence and artlessness of her manners, are irresistible beyond description ; and she captivates more by her natural than she even could do by any artificial display of them. She is therefore agreeable without ever seeming to make any exertions to be so ; and delights when she only intends to be pleasing. In short, she is a sweet and interesting little girl, that every body loves, and nobody could have the heart to injure. During the time of my acquaintance with her, I have met her twice at a ball, and several times at private parties, both at her house and elsewhere. At these times I always attached myself very particularly to her ; and it was plain that it gave me the greatest pleasure to be able to procure a

seat beside her, or the honour of her hand for a contry-dance or cotillion. The last time I saw her was at a ball, about a week ago, where I went in company with some of my acquaintance. They have taken it into their heads, that at that time I paid her more than ordinary attentions; and have hence inferred that I am absolutely in love with her. Now, though I do not think it would be any way strange that a young man of taste and feeling should conceive a passion for so desirable an object, yet I must be allowed to say that I think the inferences of my friends very unjust and unreasonable; nor can I possibly conceive how they should ever have formed an idea that I am in love, upon so slight grounds as those I have mentioned. If any of your correspondents can tell me upon this statement of the case, whether I am in love or not, or whether it is any thing more than a particular regard for the good and amiable qualities of the young lady, they will confer a favour by informing me.

Yours, &c.

TOM FICKLE.

New-York, March 15.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

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TO JEREMY SOLUS, ESQ.

SIR,

Had I been so fortunate as to have known your situation previo

to having made a promise from which I cannot recede, I might, perhaps, have been the wife of your bosom, the darling of your declining age, and the inheritor of your *white crape*, and *black knee-buckles*.

But, my dear sir,

"There is a tide in the affairs of' women,

"Which taken in the flood, leads on to fortune,

"Omitted, all the voyage of their life

"Is bound in shallows."

And truly, and in good sooth, I fear my tide of fortune's past; for good Mr. Bachelor, I have taken the vow of celibacy, and that too but three days previous to reading in the *Lady's Miscellany*, your "plain unvarnished tale."

How much real happiness I have sacrificed by thus rashly condemning myself to walk singly through the rough roads of life, you, good Mr. Solus, will readily perceive. There are, you well know, a thousand little piques and resentments a maiden lady would wish to gratify. *Personal* commendation is the first and last wish of our hearts. To be told that time has furrowed our cheeks, or that the roses that once bloomed there are faded, is, to women of nice feelings, but unwelcome information; indeed we are ever unwilling to forgive the person who communicates it. Thus then, sir, you can easily judge how much I am chagrined that I cannot offer you my hand,

for I have witnessed a thousand indignities, which such an alliance would secure me from again experiencing. To be the wife of a man of "commendable rotundity," one too who has seen but fifty-five winters! I am almost distracted at my own folly. To walk arm in arm with him through the Bond-street of our city—to smile contemptuously on the flirting girls who parade our streets—to meet my former lovers without deigning to notice them—and above all, to inherit your *youthful smiles*! Oh these are "consummations devoutly to be wished!" these are pleasures which I might enjoy but for my *fatal vow*.

Dear Mr. Solus, yours affectionately,
TABITHA TARDY.

New-York, March, 22.

PORTRAIT OF PLEASURE.

PLEASURE is a beautiful harlot, sitting in her chariot, whose four wheels are Pride, Gluttony, Lust, and Idleness; the two horses are Prosperity and Abundance; the two drivers are Idleness and Secularity; her attendants and followers are Guilt, Grief, late Repentance, (if any) and oft Death and Ruin; many great men, many strong men, many rich men, many hopeful men, and many young men, have come to their end by her, but never any enjoyed full content by means of her.

INGENIOUS PROBLEM.

THE following curious problem was once the subject of much dispute amongst the learned: "When a man says I *LIE*, does he lie, or does he not? If he lies, he speaks truth; if he speaks truth he lies." Many were the books philosophers wrote about it; one favoured the world with no fewer than six; and another studied himself to death, in his attempts to solve it.

TALENTS.

SUPERIOR talents, it seems, give no security for propriety of conduct; on the contrary, having a natural tendency to nourish pride, they often betray the possessor into such mistakes as men more moderately gifted, never commit. Ability, therefore, is not wisdom; and an ounce of grace is a better guard against gross absurdity, than the brightest talents in the world.

.....

MASTER Betty, says a London paper, it seems, is going to appear in the character of an *Author*, and means to give the dramatic History of his Life for the last five years. It must indeed be owned that few narratives, however *marvellous* in their nature, can be more suprising than an account of the *wonders* of his *success*.

He, who can at all times sacrifice pleasure to duty, approaches sublimity.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

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TO PALEMON.

MAY health and prosperity attend the steps of Palemon; may the angel of content shed her soft influence over his cottage. Though we are divided by the boisterous waves of the atlantic, though days and months have elapsed since thy gentle accents greeted my ears, yet are the sweetness of those accents imprest upon my memory. Yes, even now fancy paints thy dark eyes beaming forth love and friendship with all their wonted softness; but, alas! in reality, I shall see them no more. The scenes we have so often traversed together, I shall never more behold; yet busy fancy will present thy image to my view, retracing all those spots we most admired. Then, when thy heart expands with pleasure, when thy expressive eye beams with intelligence, when thou shalt sigh to communicate thy noblest feelings to some kindred soul, and thou shalt turn and behold thyself alone, no sympathising heart to partake thy sentiments, perhaps thy ideas then may wander to Columbia's shore; perhaps, thou then mayest remember one whose warm heart was ever open to friendship and affection; one who still thinks on thy enlightened mind with pleasure, and will, through all the variations of life, deem the sincerity of thy

friendship an honour to her understanding.

But may health shed her roses around thee; whether amidst the gay scenes of the metropolis, or in the sylvan shades that surround the cottage, still thou art the same, the gay, the fascinating Palemon, the friend of my heart, the instructor of my youth; for to the refinement of thy taste, to the elegance of thy conversation am I indebted for the finest, the tenderest feelings of my soul; it was thee that directed my choice to the most approved authors; it was thee that first taught my bosom the full force of divine poesy, and to thee and friendship shall my numbers often be attuned.

Perhaps at this moment thou art wandering on the banks of thy native Ouse, 'midst the scenes of thy infancy; while I am pensively musing on a far distant plain, doomed never more to behold the friends of my youth, nor the happy country that gave me birth, yet are they dear to my heart, and when years have rolled away, I shall still shed the silent tear of soft regret, when retentive memory presents to my imagination the blissful visions of my early days. But, Palemon, adieu! may the united blessings of love and friendship continue to hover round thy cottage, may thy life be wise and virtuous, and thy reward happiness and contentment.

JANE C*K**G.

Washington City, March, 1808.

DR. GOLDSMITH.

DR. Goldsmith discovered at a very early period, signs of genius that engaged the notice of all the friends of the family, and at the age of seven or eight, evinced a natural turn for rhyming. The following instance of his early wit is handed down.

A large company of young people were assembled one evening at his uncle's, and Oliver, then but nine years old, was required to dance a hornpipe, a youth playing at the same time on a fiddle. Being but newly recovered from the small-pox, by which he was much disfigured, and his figure being but short and thick, the musician (very archly, as he supposed) compared him to *Æsop* dancing; and still harping on this idea, which he conceived to be very bright, the laugh was suddenly turned against him by Oliver's stopping short in the dance with this retort:—

“Our herald hath proclaim'd this saying,
See *Æsop* dancing, and his monkey
playing.”

This smart reply decided his fortune, for from that time it was determined to send him to the university. With this view he was removed to the school of Ashton, and from thence, after remaining two years, to Edgeworthyton, distant about twenty miles from his home.

In his last journey to this school,

he had an adventure which is thought to have suggested the plot of his ‘*Mistakes of a Night*.’ Some friend had given him a guinea, and in his way to Edgeworthyton, he had diverted himself the whole day, by viewing the gentlemen's seats on the road, until at the fall of night he found himself in a small town named Ardah. Here he enquired for the best house in the place (meaning an inn), but being understood too literally, he was shewn to the house of a private gentleman, when calling for somebody to take his horse and lead him to the stable, he alighted, and was shewn into the parlour, being supposed to be a guest come to visit the master, whom he found sitting by a good fire. This gentleman immediately perceived Oliver's mistake; and being a man of humour, and also learning from him the name of his father (who happened to be his acquaintance), he encouraged his deception. Oliver accordingly called about him, ordered a good supper, and generously invited the master, his wife and daughters to partake of it, treated them with a bottle or two of wine, and at going to bed, ordered a hot cake to be prepared for his breakfast: nor was it till his departure, when he called for his bill, that he found he had been hospitably entertained in a private house!

—
He who seeks to embitter innocent pleasure, has a cancer in his heart.

ANECDOTES OF THE DOG.

A FRENCH merchant, having some money due from a correspondent, set out on horseback, accompanied by his dog, on purpose to receive it. Having settled the business to his satisfaction, he tied the bag of money before him, and began to return home. His faithful dog, as if he entered into his master's feelings, frisked round the horse, barked, jumped, and seemed to participate his joy.

The merchant, after riding some miles, alighted to repose himself under an agreeable shade, and taking the bag of money in his hand, laid it down by his side under a hedge, and, on remounting, forgot it. The dog perceived his lapse of recollection, and wishing to rectify it, ran to fetch the bag; but it was too heavy for him to drag along. He then ran to his master, and, by crying, barking, and howling, seemed to remind him of his mistake. The merchant understood not his language; but the assiduous creature persevered in its efforts, and, after trying to stop the horse in vain, at last began to bite his heels.

The merchant, absorbed in some reverie, wholly overlooked the real object of his affectionate attendant's importunity, but entertained the alarming apprehension that he was gone mad. Full of his suspicion, in crossing a brook, he turned back to look if the dog would drink.

The animal was too intent on its master's business to think of itself; it continued to bark and bite with greater violence than before.

"Mercy!" cried the afflicted merchant, "it must be so; my poor dog is certainly mad: what must I do? I must kill him, lest some greater misfortune befall me, but with what regret! Oh, could I find any one to perform this cruel office for me! but there is no time to lose; I myself may become the victim if I spare him."

With these words, he drew a pistol from his pocket, and, with a trembling hand, took aim at his faithful servant. He turned away in agony as he fired, but his aim was too sure. The poor animal fell wounded; and, weltering in his blood, still endeavoured to crawl towards his master, as if to tax him with ingratitude. The merchant could not bear the sight; he spurred on his horse with a heart full of sorrow, and lamented he had taken a journey which had cost him so dear. Still, however, the money never entered his mind; he only thought of his poor dog, and tried to console himself with the reflection, that he had prevented a greater evil, by dispatching a mad animal, than he had suffered a calamity by his loss. This opiate to his wounded spirit, however, was ineffectual: 'I am most unfortunate,' said he to himself, 'I had almost rather have lost my money than my dog.' Saying this,

he stretched out his hand to grasp his treasure. It was missing ; no bag was to be found.—In an instant, he opened his eyes to his rashness and folly.—“ Wretch that I am ! I alone am to blame ! I could not comprehend the admonition which my innocent and most faithful friend gave me, and I have sacrificed him for his zeal. He only wished to inform me of my mistake, and he has paid for his fidelity with his life.”

Instantly he turned his horse, and went off at full gallop to the place where he had stopped. He saw, with half-averted eyes, the scene where the tragedy was acted ; he perceived the traces of blood as he proceeded ; he was oppressed and distracted ; but in vain did he look for his dog—he was not to be seen on the road. At last he arrived at the spot where he had alighted. But what were his sensations ! His heart was ready to bleed ; he execrated himself in the madness of despair. The poor dog, unable to follow his dear but cruel master, had determined to consecrate his last moments to his service. He had crawled, all bloody as he was, to the forgotten bag, and, in the agonies of death, he lay watching beside it. When he saw his master, he still testified his joy by the wagging of his tail—he could do no more—he tried to rise, but his strength was gone. The vital tide was ebbing fast ; even the caresses of his master could not prolong his fate for a few

moments. He stretched out his tongue, to lick the hand that was now folding him in the agonies of regret, as if to seal forgiveness of the deed that had deprived him of life. He then cast a look of kindness on his master, and closed his eyes for ever.

The care of the dog in directing the steps of the blind, is highly deserving of notice. There are few persons who have not seen some of these unfortunate objects thus guided through the winding streets of a town or city, to the spot where they are to supplicate charity of passengers. Mr. Ray, in his Synopsis of Quadrupeds, informs us of a blind beggar who was thus led through the streets of Rome by a middle-sized dog. This animal, beside leading his master in such a manner as to protect him from all danger, learned to distinguish both the streets and houses where he was accustomed to receive alms twice or thrice a week. Whenever he came to any of those streets, with which he was well acquainted, he would not leave it till a call had been made at every house where his master was usually successful in his petitions. When the mendicant began to ask alms, the dog lay down to rest ; but the man was no sooner served or refused, than the dog rose spontaneously, and without either order or sign, proceeded to the other houses where the beggar generally received some gratuity. ‘ I ob-

served, not without pleasure and surprise, that when a halfpenny was thrown from a window, such was the sagacity and attention of this dog, that he went about in quest of it, took it from the ground with his mouth, and put it into the blind man's hat. Even when bread was thrown down, the animal would not taste it, unless he received it from the hand of his master.

The following anecdote, extracted from Dibdin's Observations in a Tour through England is too interesting to be passed over in silence. "At a convent in France," says our author, "twenty paupers were served with a dinner at a certain hour every day. A dog belonging to the convent did not fail to be present at this regale, to receive the odds and ends which were now and then thrown down to him. The guests, however, were poor and hungry, and of course not very wasteful; so that their pensioner did little more than scent the feast of which he would fain have partaken. The portions were served by a person, at the ringing of a bell, and delivered out by means of what in religious houses is called a tour; which is a machine like the section of a cask, and, by turning round upon a pivot, exhibits whatever is placed on the concave side, without discovering the person who moves it. One day this dog, who had only received a few scraps, waited till the paupers were all gone, took the rope in his mouth, and rang the bell. His stratagem succeeded.

He repeated it the next day with the same good-fortune. At length the cook, finding that twenty-one portions were given out instead of twenty, was determined to discover the trick: in doing which he had no great difficulty; for lying *herdu*, and noticing the paupers as they came in great regularity for their different portions, and that there was no intruder except the dog, he began to suspect the real truth, which he was confirmed in, he saw him wait with great deliberation, till the visitors were all gone, and then pull the bell. The matter was related to the community, and to reward him for his ingenuity, he was permitted to ring the bell every day for his dinner, when a mess of broken victuals was purposely served out to him."

MARRIED,

On Wednesday evening, by the revd. Dr. Abeel, Mr. Jacob Anthony, merchant, to Miss Jane Kip, all of this city.

On Thursday evening, by the right rev. Bishop Moore, Mr. Wm. Rhodes, merchant, to Mrs. Abigail Roorbach, widow of the late John F. Roorbach, esq. all of this city.

On Thursday evening, by the right rev. Bishop Moore, Mr. N. Lightbourn, to Miss Mary Vose.

DIED.—On Tuesday evening, in the 40th year of her age, Mrs. Margaret Harrison, widow of the late Mr. John Harrison, proprietor of the New-York Weekly Museum. Mrs. H. was confined several months—during the last part of her illness she suffered much, but sustained her afflictions with exemplary patience, and due resignation to the Divine will. The burthen that weighed heaviest on her mind was the future welfare of five orphan children—who are now left to mourn, in silent sorrow, a loss never to be repaired.

Tuesday morning, Mr. Peter Mumford, eldest son of John P. Mumford, Esq. of this city.

POETRY.

MADOC.

THEY who have read Madoc, will read again with pleasure the wonderful account of the *Snake God*, and those who have not, may have their curiosity excited by it to a good purpose. Southey has been censured for this part of his "poetical Story" as absurd and improbable. But that serpents can be tamed is a known zoological fact, that they have been seen of this size is likewise true, and for the purpose of governing a people, the ingenuity of man would perform greater wonders than the taming of a monster.

As with bark and resinous boughs
they pile
The sepulchre, suddenly Neolin
Sprung up aloft, and shrieked, as one
who treads
Upon a viper in his heedless path.
The God! the very God! he cried, and
howled
One long, shrill, piercing, modulated cry;
Whereat, from that dark temple issued
forth
A Serpent, huge and hideous. On he
came,
Straight to the sound, and curled around
the Priest,
His mighty folds innocuous, overtopping
His human height, and arching down
his head,
Sought in the hands of Neolin for food;
Then questing, reared, and stretched and
waved his neck,
And glanced his forked tongue. Who
then had seen
The man, with what triumphant fear-
lessness,
Arms, thighs, and neck, and body
wreathed and ringed
In those tremendous folds, he stood se-
cure,

Played with the reptile's jaws, and call-
ed for food,
Food for the present God! who then
had seen
The fiendish joy which fired his coun-
tenance,
Might well have weened that he had
summoned up
The dreadful monster from his native
Hell,
By devilish power, himself a fiend in-
fleshed.
Blood for the God! he cried; Lin-
coya's blood,
Friend of the Serpent's foe!—... Lin-
coya's blood.

* * * * *
..... But when Neolin perceived
The growing stir and motion of the
crowd,
As from the outward ring they moved
away,
He uttered a new cry, and disentangling
The passive reptile's folds rushed out
among them,
With outstretched hands like one pos-
sessed, to seize
His victim. Then they fled; for who
could tell
On whom the madman in that hellish fit
Might cast the lot? An eight-years
boy he seized,
And held him by the leg, and, whirling
him
In ritual dance, till breath and sense
were gone,
Set up the death-song of the sacrifice.
Amalahta, and what others rooted love
Of evil leagued with him, accomplices
In treason, joined the death-song and
the dance.
Some too, there were, believing what
they feared,
Who yielded to their old idolatry,
And mingled in the worship. Round
and round

The accursed minister of murder whirled

His senseless victim : they, too, round and round,

In maddening motion, and with maddening cries,

Revolving, whirled and wheeled. At length, when now,

According to old rites, he should have dashed

On the stone idol's head the wretch's brains,

Neolin stopt, and once again began

The long, shrill, piercing, modulated cry.

The serpent knew the call, and, rolling on,

Wave above wave, his rising length advanced

His open jaws ; then, with the unexpected prey,

Glides to the dark recesses of his den.

.....

For the Lady's Miscellany.

THE ADIEU.

Air.....Rose Tree in full Bearing.

OH ! farewell native Erin,
Enchanting beauty of the West,
My throbbing heart is swelling,
Where must I wander to find rest.
My charming lovely Nancy
You have my heart for ever more,
The tear drops on my pillow,
I sigh, alas ! I you adore.

The Ocean's dashing billow,
Though widely parts my love and me,
And wafts me to some region,
Far distant, and exil'd from thee,
Remember my sweet Nancy,
We sat beneath the willow green,
And sung with youthful fancy
The early pleasures we have seen.

The blackbird, thrush, and linnet,
With notes so pleasing to my ear,
Warbling through the valley,
Are not compar'd to your's, my dear.
Thy harp attun'd to freedom,
With melody and melting strain,
Touch'd by thy gentle fingers,
Will never welcome me again.

But yet fond hope will flatter,
And whisper comfort to my breast,
Each night presents thy image,
In all its native virtue drest.
Oh ! may kind heaven favour
These hopes, and realize my dream,
And on my Nancy ever,
May fortune shine her brightest beam.

HENRY.

SONG.

GO to my sister's dying bed,
On your kind bosom rest her head,
By grief, by misery torn.
Bowed down by anguish, low it lies,
Like a half broken flower that dies,
Reclining on a thorn.

Look on her visage, pale and wan,
Mark, how by violating man,
To madness' verge she's driven ;
Go, and this awful picture see,
A spirit struggling to be free,
And gain its native haven.

.....

EPITAPH

On Mrs. Oldfield, a celebrated actress.

This we must own, in justice to her shade,
The first bad exit Oldfield ever made.

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